

FAREWELL

a light frosting of snow
this morning. threw some
apples out for the deer, not
from the kindness of my heart,
but because i didn't care
to eat them myself. actually
i haven't seen a deer out back
since late autumn, some
three weeks ago. a gnawing
sensation of depression
in my gut. don't want to
push off for work this morning.
i feel like a child being
sent to school, and this
child does not want to go there.
this child wants nothing more
than just to remain home
and play with his tin castle
and tiny knights. to
this day i can remember
the last day i did play
with them. the sad
realization that
i was getting too old.
i can still feel it.
this i can never see
happening with poetry,
since the writing
of poetry has
always been, for me,
the simple rehearsal
of writing
that last note
of farewell,
on my
deathbed.